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THIS MARVEL® COMIC COULD
BE WORTH \$2500 TO YOU!
(DETAILS INSIDE)



DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



MILLER
JANSON

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

TILL DEATH DO US PART!

AT LAST-- **FOGGY GETS MARRIED!** PLUS... THE RETURN OF ONE OF DD'S MOST FEARSOME FOES, THE MURDEROUS **GLADIATOR!**

IN A SPECIAL GYM THAT COMPRISES AN ENTIRE WING OF HIS UPPER EASTSIDE BROWNSTONE...

...A **VERY SPECIAL MAN...** A **BLIND MAN...** PUSHES HIMSELF THROUGH A GRUELING WORKOUT FEW SIGHTED MEN WOULD DARE ATTEMPT, MUCH LESS MASTER WITH SUCH BREATHTAKING SKILL.

BUT, THIS MORNING, HIS RIGOROUS TRAINING IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED...

HE IS ATTORNEY MATTHEW MURDOCK. BUT THERE ARE TIMES HE STALKS THE STREETS AS DAREDEVIL-- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR...

...FOR, ALTHOUGH A TRAGIC ACCIDENT ROBBED HIM OF HIS VISION SEVERAL YEARS AGO, IT ALSO HEIGHTENED HIS REMAINING SENSES TO AN INCREDIBLE DEGREE.

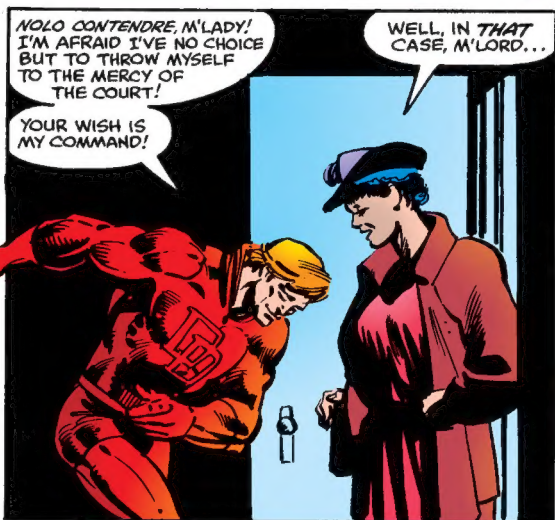
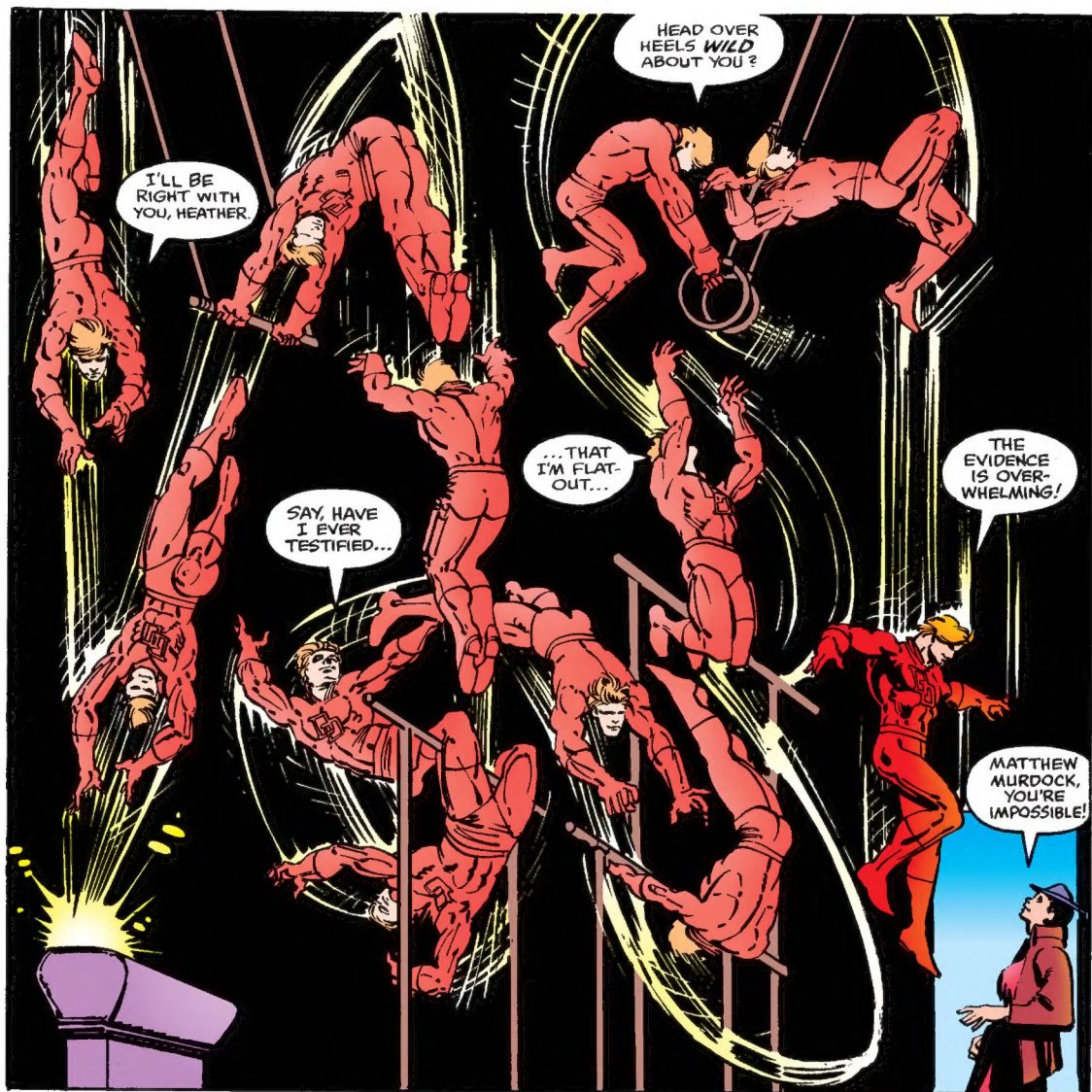
SO, EVEN THOUGH HE CAN'T **SEE** HEATHER GLENN, HE KNOWS IT IS HER EVEN BEFORE SHE SPEAKS. THE SCENT OF HER PERFUME IS, TO MATT, JUST AS UNMISTAKABLE AS THE DISTINCTIVE BEAT OF HER HEART!

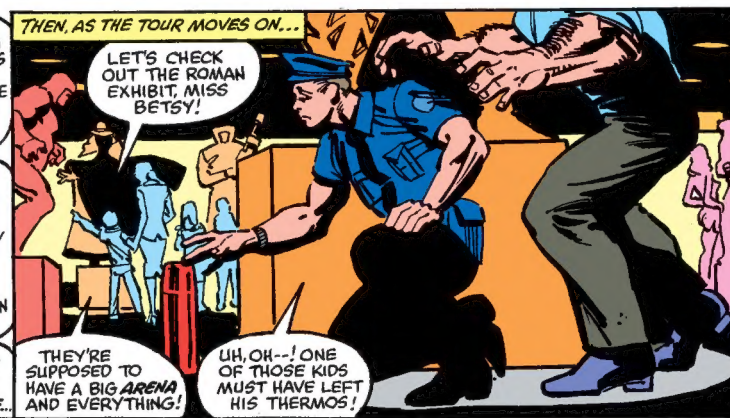
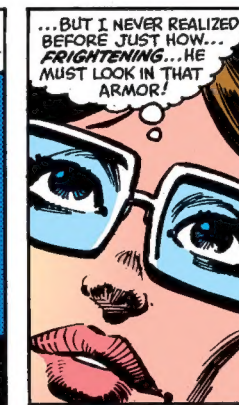
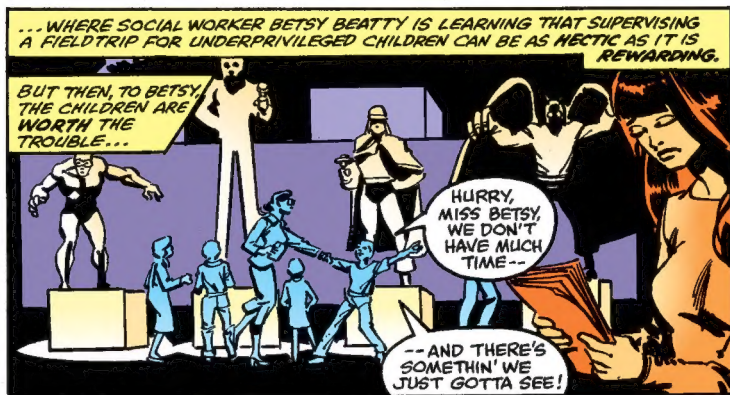
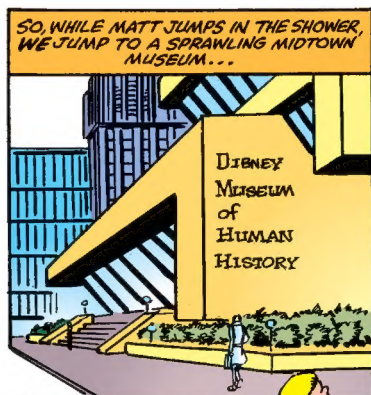
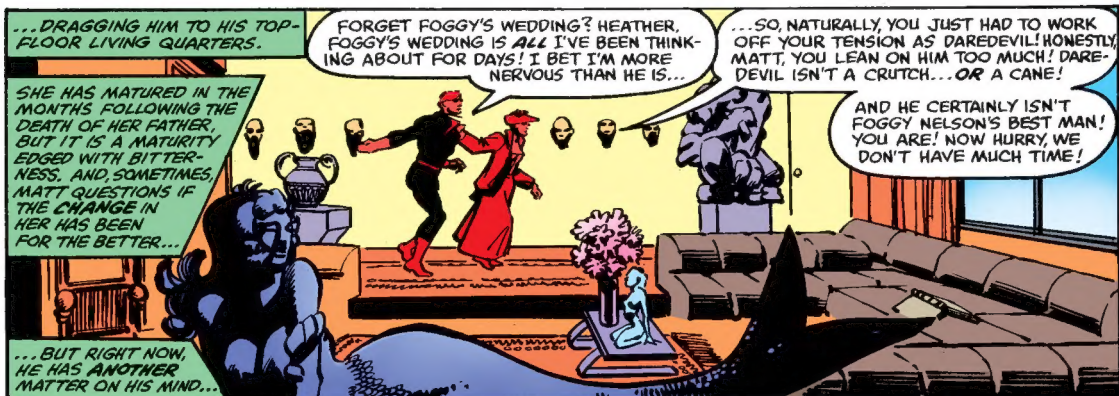
MATT?
MATT! ARE
YOU IN
HERE?

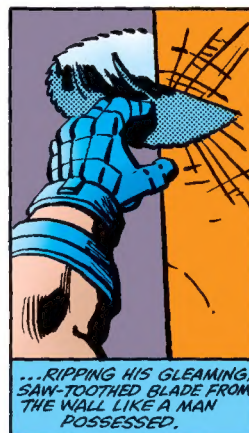
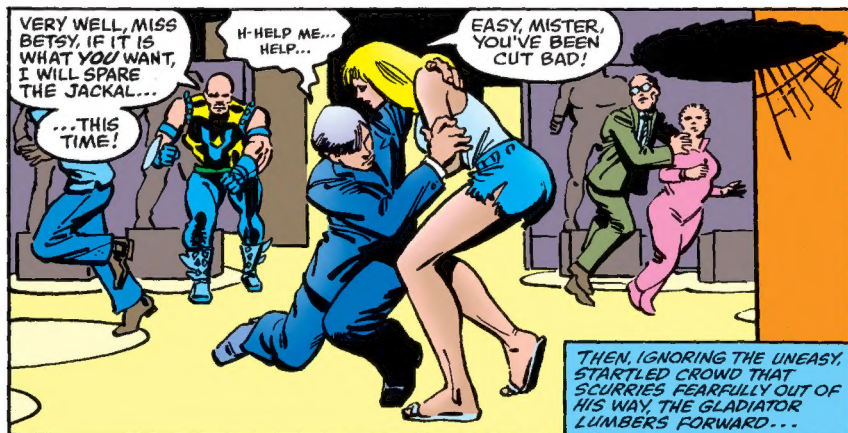
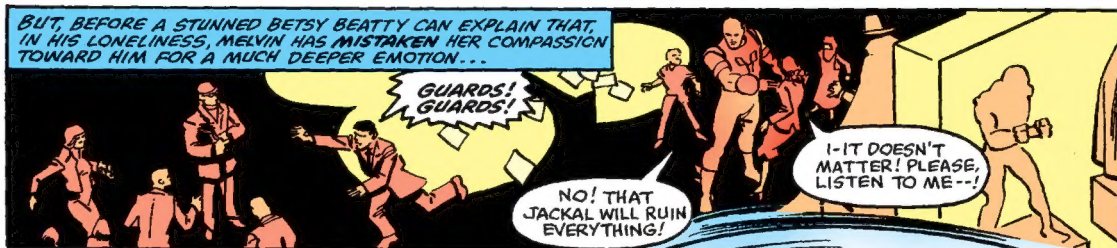
NO, DARLING.
UP HERE.

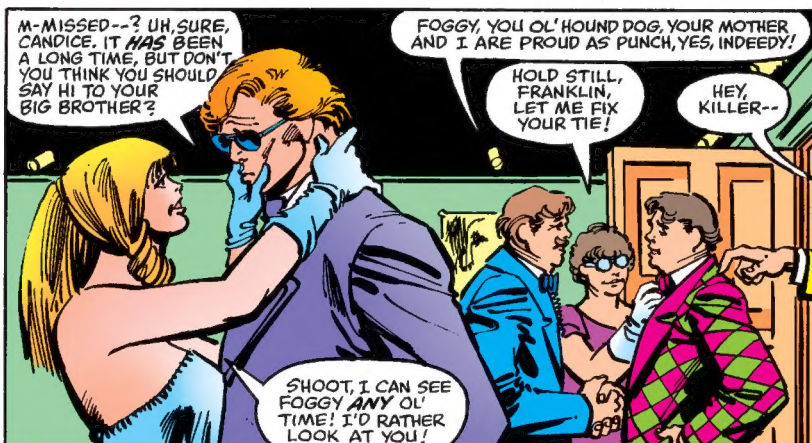
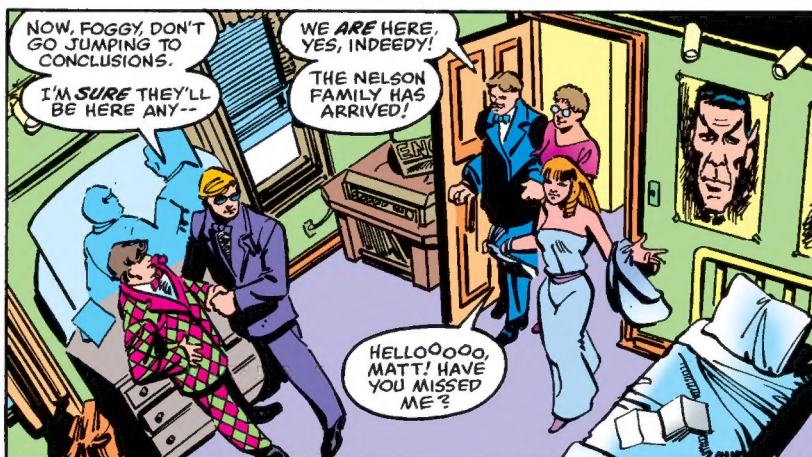
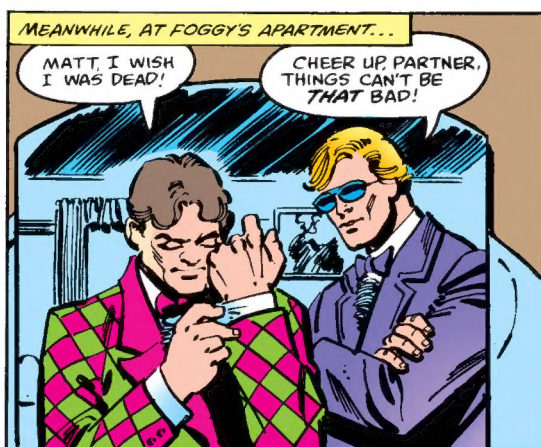
BUT THEN, HE WOULD KNOW HER ANYWHERE. SHE IS, AFTER ALL, THE WOMAN HE LOVES...

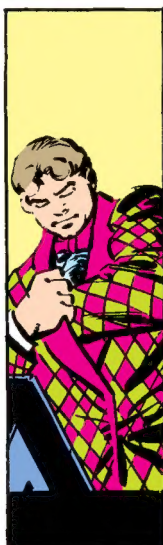
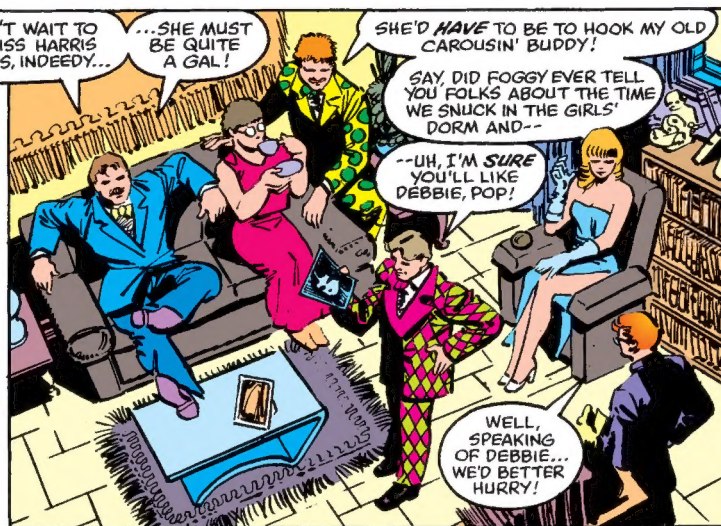
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WRITER / CO-PLOTTER / PENCILER INKER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR ED-IN-CHIEF

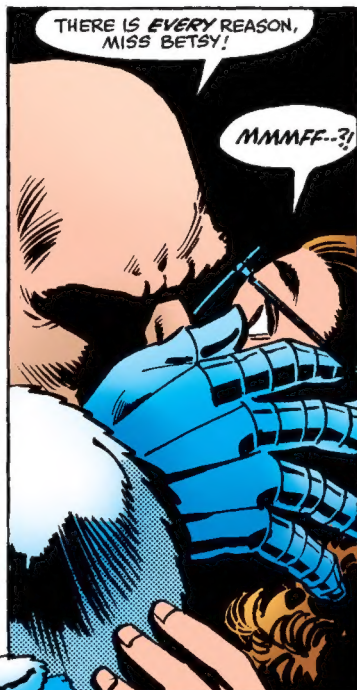
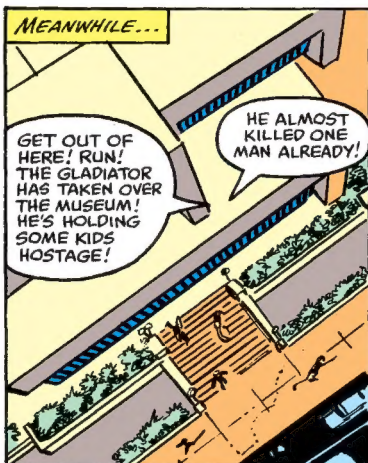


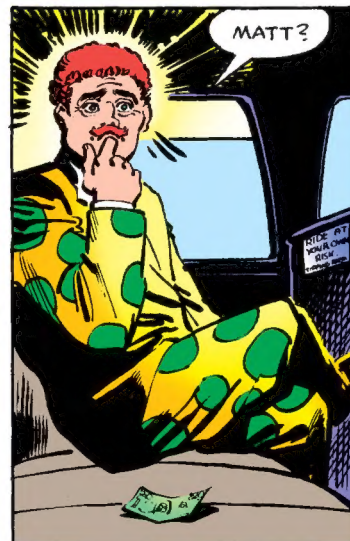
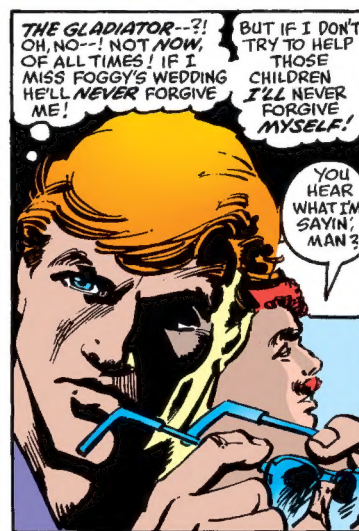
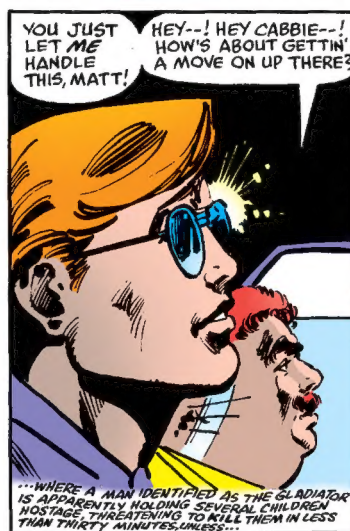
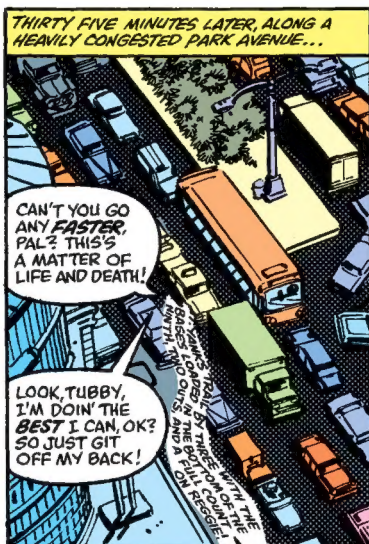








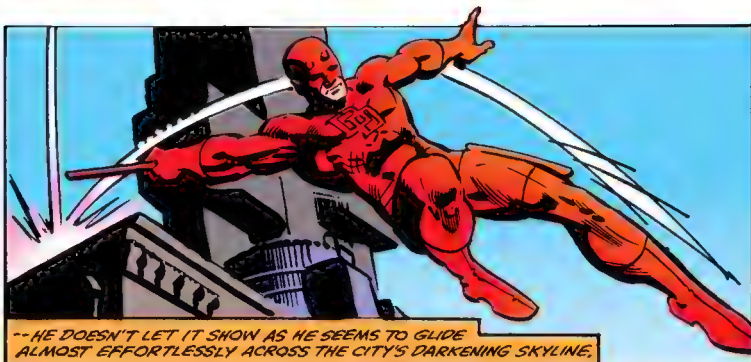




SOME TWENTY MINUTES LATER, A GRIM AND SIGHTLESS DEVIL PAUSES IN THE SHADOWS SURROUNDING THE BESIEGED MUSEUM.

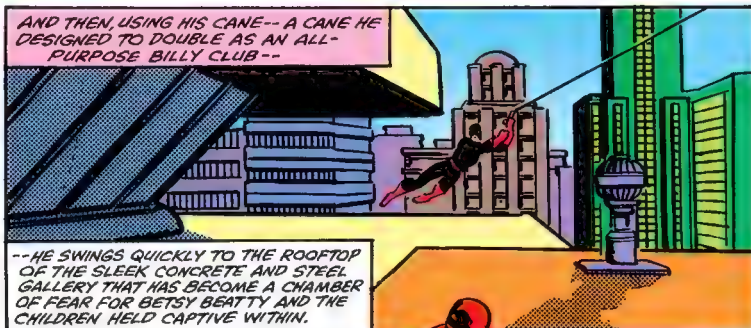


BUT, IF HE FEELS THE GROWING RESTLESSNESS OF THE CROWD ALREADY GATHERED SO VERY FAR BELOW HIM--AN UNEASY MILLING THROUGH HE CAN ONLY SENSE, RATHER THAN SEE--



-- HE DOESN'T LET IT SHOW AS HE SEEMS TO GLIDE ALMOST EFFORTLESSLY ACROSS THE CITY'S DARKENING SKYLINE.

AND THEN, USING HIS CANE-- A CANE HE DESIGNED TO DOUBLE AS AN ALL-PURPOSE BILLY CLUB--



-- HE SWINGS QUICKLY TO THE ROOFTOP OF THE SLEEK CONCRETE AND STEEL GALLERY THAT HAS BECOME A CHAMBER OF FEAR FOR BETSY BEATTY AND THE CHILDREN HELD CAPTIVE WITHIN.

JUDGING FROM THE SOUNDS I HEARD BEFORE IN THE STREETS, THE POLICE HAVE THROWN A CORDON AROUND THIS BUILDING.



BUT IT'S A STAND-OFF, AT BEST. THEY CAN'T ATTACK THE GLADIATOR WITHOUT JEOPARDIZING THE LIVES OF THE KIDS.

IF ANYTHING'S TO BE DONE, I'LL HAVE TO BE THE ONE TO DO IT.

AND SOON.



I CAN PINPOINT THE GLADIATOR'S EXACT POSITION THANKS TO MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING AND RADAR-SENSE, BUT THAT'S THE LEAST OF MY PROBLEMS.

SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO LURE HIM AWAY FROM THE KIDS TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

THE HOUR HAS PASSED! THEY HAVE SENT NO CHAMPION!

HOW CAN I WIN YOUR HEART, MISS BETSY, IF THEY WILL NOT LET ME FIGHT FOR IT?

